

THE DOLL MAN

summer
Issue

Quarterly 10¢



SM
&
S

5 FULL
LENGTH
ACTION
STORIES

ALSO *The* DRAGON
MICKEY FINN-POISON IVY
AMERICA... IT'S
WORTH DEFENDING!

by *Teg*
Murray

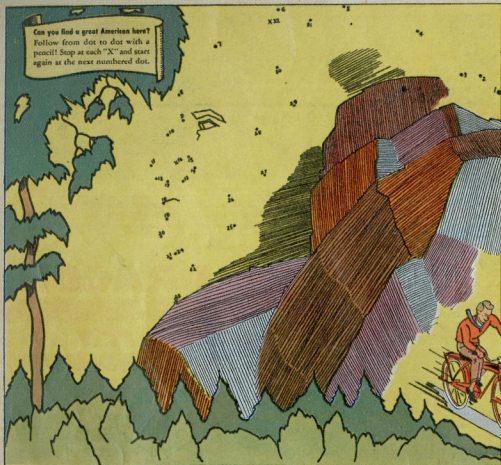
Gerald
Utter





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Can you find a great American here?
Follow from dot to dot with a
pencil! Stop at each "X" and start
again at the next numbered dot.

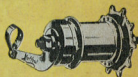


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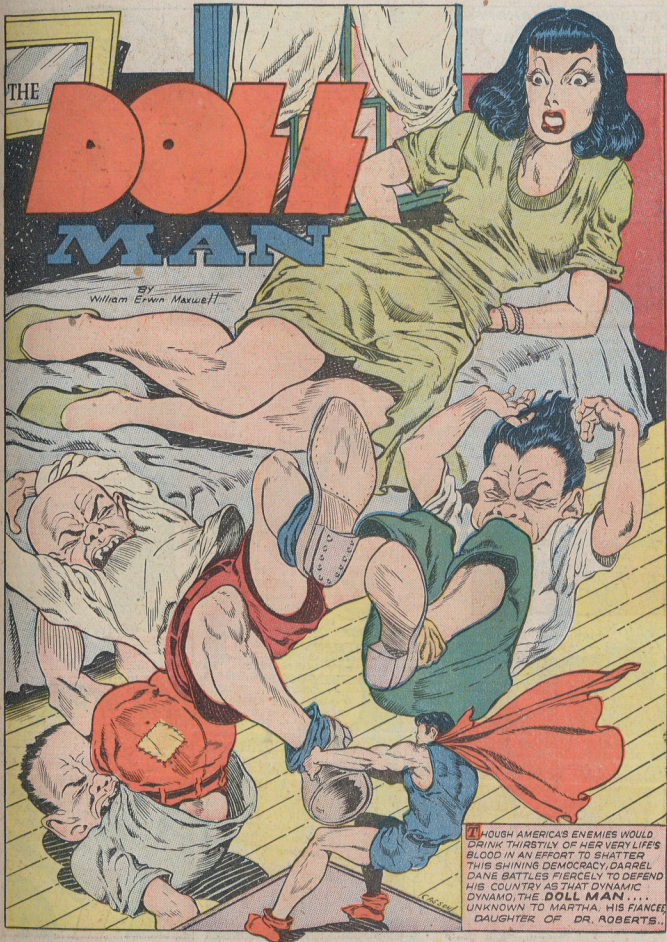
MICKEY FINN LALA PALOOZA
POISON IVY SAMAR
BIG TOP FARGO KID
SPIN SHAW ZERO
RUSTY RYAN SWING SISSON
and many others



LOOK FOR THIS
SIGN ON THE COVER



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THOUGH AMERICA'S ENEMIES WOULD DRINK THIRSTILY OF HER VERY LIFE'S BLOOD IN AN EFFORT TO SHATTER THIS SHINING DEMOCRACY, DARREL DANE BATTLES FIERCELY TO DEFEND HIS COUNTRY AS THAT DYNAMIC DYNAMO, THE **DOLL MAN**.... UNKNOWN TO MARTHA, HIS FIANCEE DAUGHTER OF DR. ROBERTS..

SCHVINE! DUMBKOPFS!
I GIFF YOU SIMPLE
FIFTH COLUMN WORK
UNDO YOU FAIL DER
FATHERLAND! VOT HAP-
PENED?



ACH, MY GAULEITER,
I VAS CHUST
ABOUT TO
BLOW UP DER
DAM, VEN
SUDDENLY..

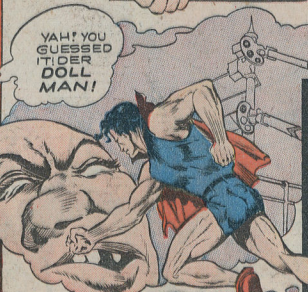
DER DOLL
MAN!



VE HAD DER TRACKS
TORN UP, DER TRAIN
VAS COMING. BUT
ACH, DER LIDDLE
VUN CAME FASTER!

YAH! YOU
GUESSED
IT! DER
DOLL
MAN!

DERE VAS
DIS AMERIKA-
NER COLONEL..
I PULLED
MY GUN,
UND POOF!

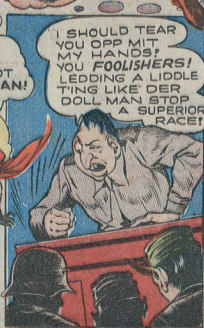
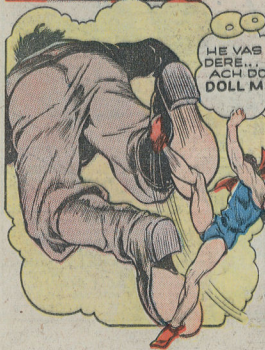


HE VAS
DERE...
ACH DOT
DOLL MAN!

I SHOULD TEAR
YOU OPP MIT
MY HANDS!
YOU FOOLISHERS!
LEDDING A LIDDLE
T'ING LIKE DER
DOLL MAN STOP
A SUPERIOR
RACE!

OYCUSE
ME, MEIN
LEADER,
BUT HE
ISS OUT-
SIDE.. DER
DWARF!

DER DWARF?
GOOT?
SHOW
HIM IN!



AH HA! NOW I SHOW YOU DUMBKOPFS A REAL VORKER FOR DER FEUHRER..HE DOES NOT FAIL!

VELCOME, MY TRUE SON OF DER FATHER-
LAND..MY MEMBER OF
DER SUPERIOR
ARYAN RACE!

SEIG
HEIL!
MY CHOB
ISS DONE!

HEIL!

HEIL!

HEIL,
HITLER!

YAH! YOU
COULD DO IT
MIT YOUR
ASSISTANTS,
NEIN?

NOW I HAF
A REAL CHOB
FOR YOU..DER AMERIKANER
PLANE PRODUCTION..IT
GROWS EFFRY DAY!

YOU VISH I
SHOULD BLOW
OPP DER BIG
PLANE FACTORY?

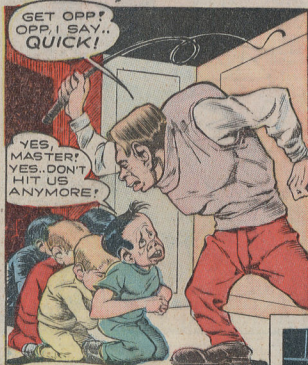
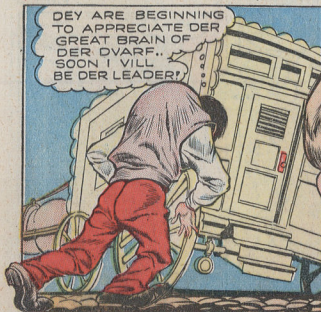
VE VILL
NOT FAIL
OUR GREAT
FEUHRER!

I KNOW YOU
ARE A SMART
VUN.. BUT BE
CAREFUL OF
VUN T'ING..DOT
ISS DER....

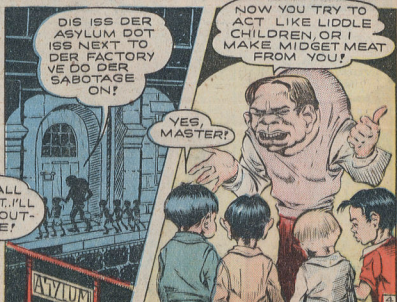
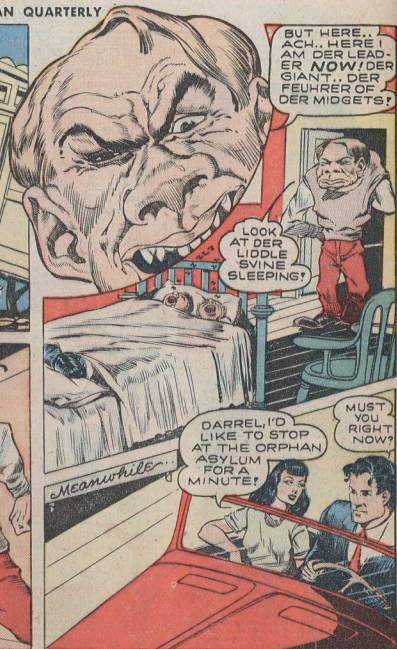
..DOLL
MAN!

DOT LIDDLE VUN
DONT BOTHER
ME.. I EAT HIM
OPP VEN I
SEE HIM..I GO
NOW.. HEIL,
HITLER!

HEIL!



OH ALL RIGHT, I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE!



OHH! THE POOR DEARS!
THEN THEY'RE ORPHANS
NOW.. OF COURSE WE'LL
TAKE
THEM
IN?

JA! DEY
ARE ALONE
IN DER WORLD!
IT IS GOOT OF
YOU TO TAKE
DEM?

IT VORKED!
ACH.. BUT I
AM A SMART
VUN! NOW
TO PLANT DER
DYNAMITE!

ON THE MEANTIME, MARTHA
AND DARREL HAVE
ARRIVED..

HELLO,
MRS.
NOBLE!

WHY,
MARTHA,
HONEY.. I'M
SO GLAD
YOU CAME!
SIX LITTLE
TYKES WERE
JUST
ADMITTED,
AND..

WHAT
AN
ACT!

ORPHANS! SIX OF THEM..
OHH, I'LL GO
UP AND
COMFORT
THEM!

AND MARTHA WALKS IN
UNANNOUNCED..

EEEK!

♪ YOUSE MADE
ME WHAT I AM
TODAY.. I HOPE
YOUSE IS
SATISFIED! ♪

GIVE IT
SOME
HOT LICKS,
SHORTY!

!D---!!
G*!*!!
ANYBODY
GOT A
NEW
BLADE!

CHEES IT!
A DAME?
DUCK THE
WEED?

OH!
OH!

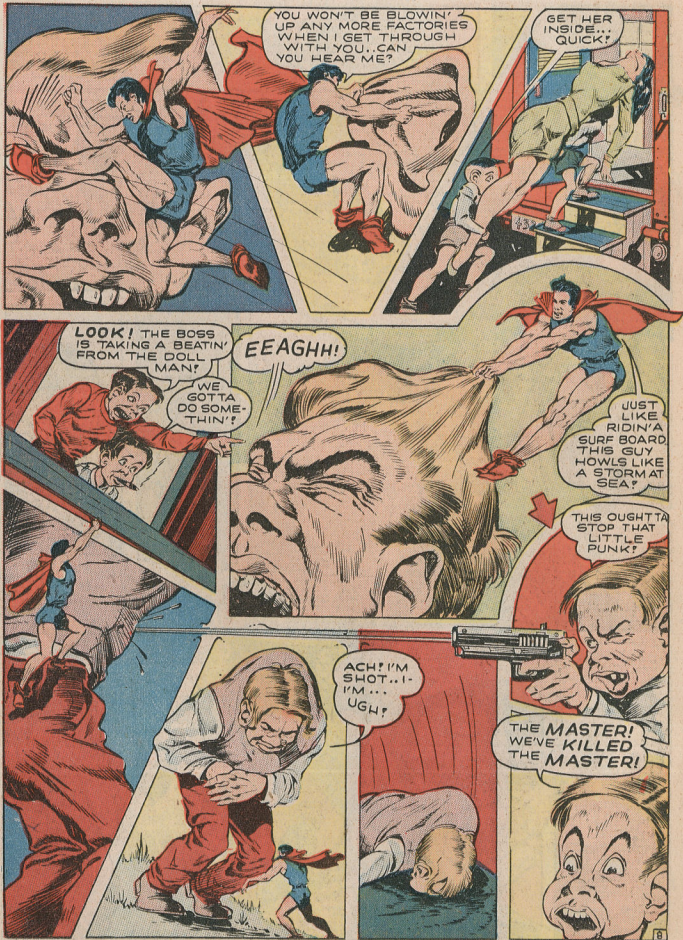
YOU BAD
LITTLE BOYS!
SMOKING
AT YOUR
AGE!

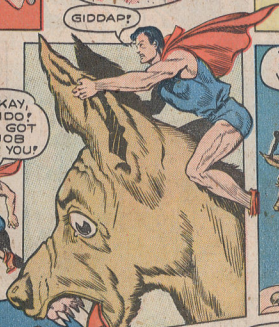
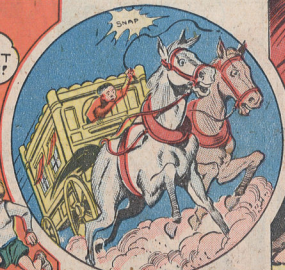
AHH.. DON'T LOOK SO
SAD, MARTHA DIDN'T
MEAN TO SCOLD
ITYE BITSY
BOYSIE!

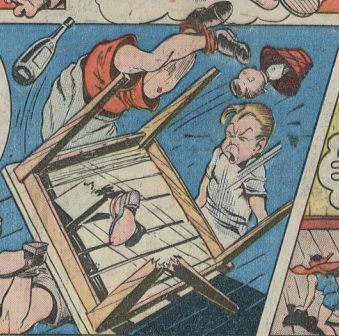
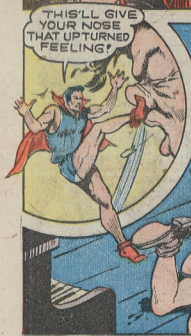
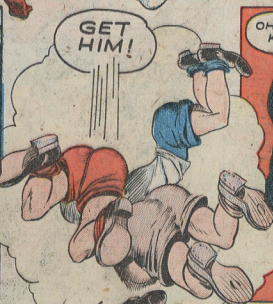
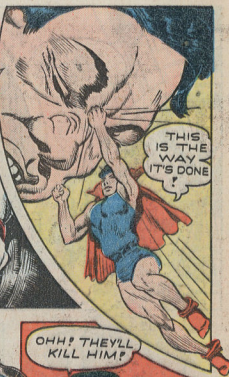
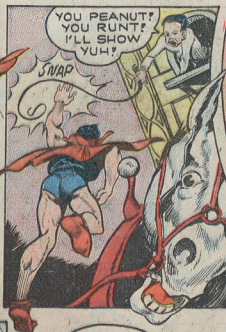
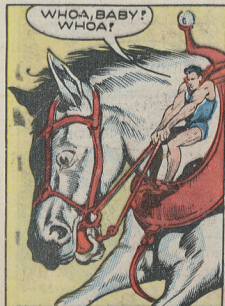
WHOOPS!
DO IT
AGAIN,
BABE!
I LOVE
IT!

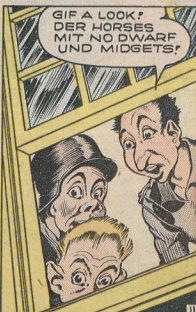
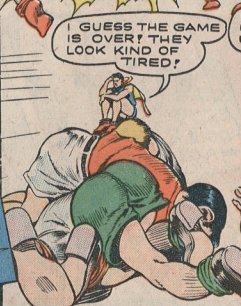
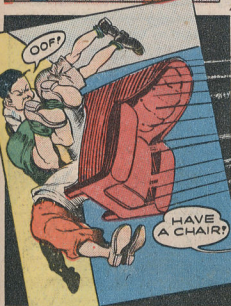
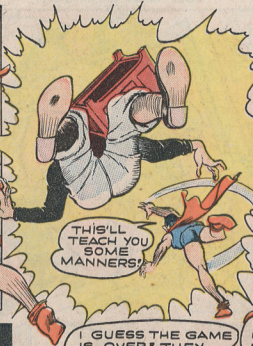
SMACK

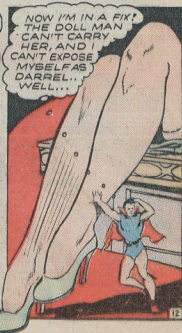
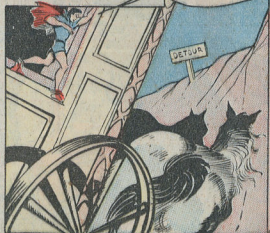
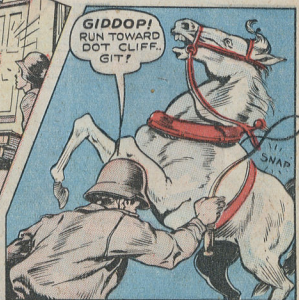
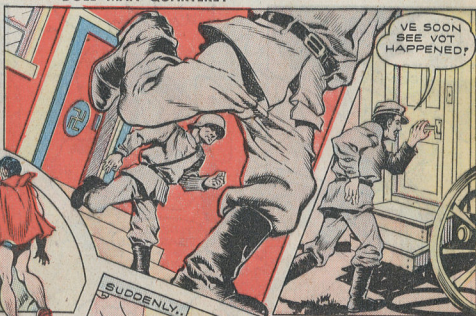


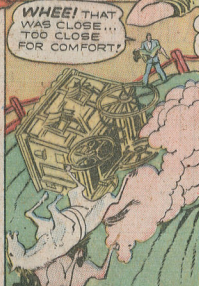
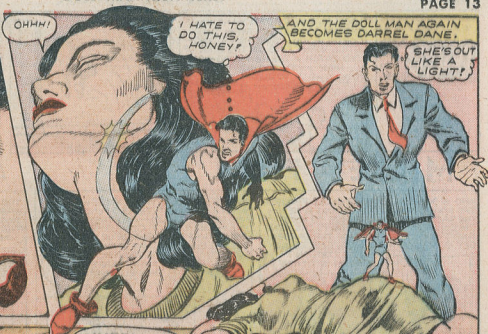


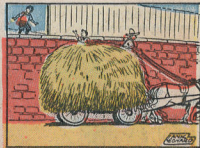
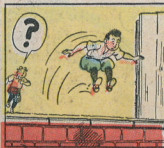
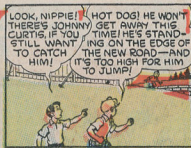






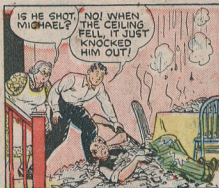
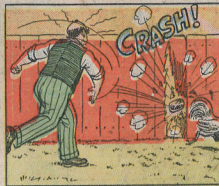






MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



THE DRAGON

RED MCGRAW AND HIS BAND OF CHINESE GUERILLAS RAID AND FIGHT THE OUTPOSTS OF THE JAPANESE INVASION IN ASIA. BECAUSE OF HIS VALOR RED IS CALLED **THE DRAGON** BY HIS ORIENTAL ALLIES.

by FRED GUARDINEER



IN A CHINESE CITY CONQUERED BY THE JAPS.

ROUND UP THOSE CHINK CHRISTIANS AND SELL 'EM AS SLAVES FOR OUR GENERALS—INCLUDING PRINCESS LOTUS MOON!



TO THE MARKET SQUARE, YOU CHRISTIAN SLAVES! HA, HA, HE, HO!

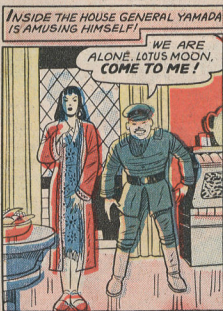
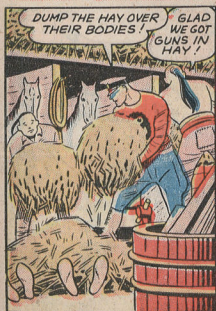
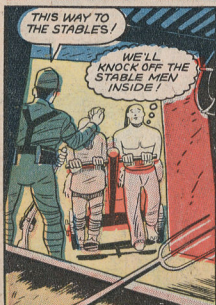
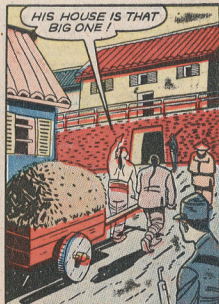


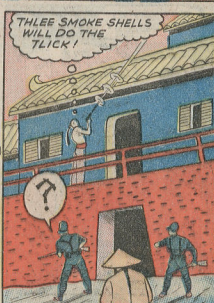
AND NOW I HAVE FOR YOU WHOLESAL, THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS LOTUS MOON! HOW MUCH AM I OFFERED?



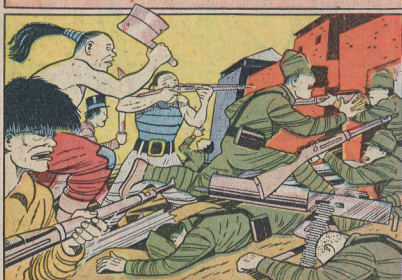
PROUDLY ERECT LOTUS MOON
AWAITS HER FATE.





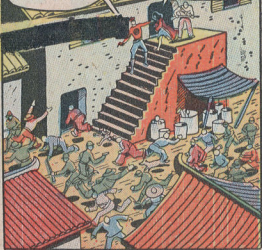


A FIERCE BATTLE DEVELOPS AS THE GUERILLAS ATTACK.



RUN TO THE STREET, LOTUS-WE CAN GET AWAY IN THE CONFUSION!

I SAVVY-THAT BATTLE IS JUST SO WE CAN ESCAPE!



OUT THE REAR GATE, HURRY-

WATCH IT! THEY SEE US!

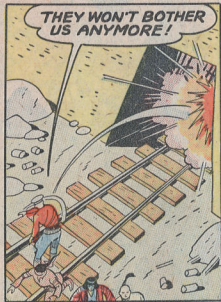


CHINESE SPIES - KILL 'EM!

I'LL TURN QUICK'N TOSS THEM A GRENADE!

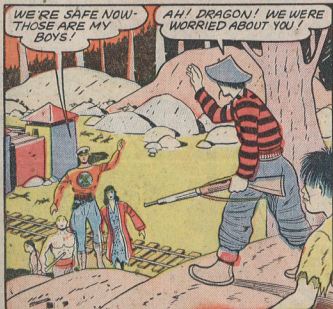


THEY WON'T BOTHER US ANYMORE!



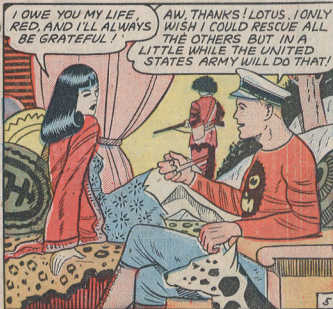
WE'RE SAFE NOW-THOSE ARE MY BOYS!

AH! DRAGON! WE WERE WORRIED ABOUT YOU!



I OWE YOU MY LIFE, RED, AND I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL!

AW, THANKS! LOTUS, I ONLY WISH I COULD RESCUE ALL THE OTHERS BUT IN A LITTLE WHILE THE UNITED STATES ARMY WILL DO THAT!



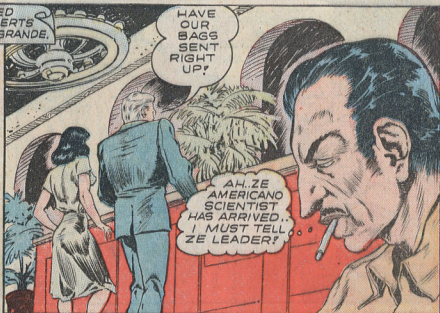
The DOLL MAN

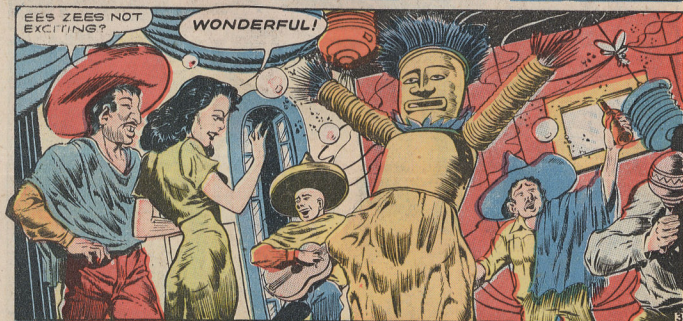
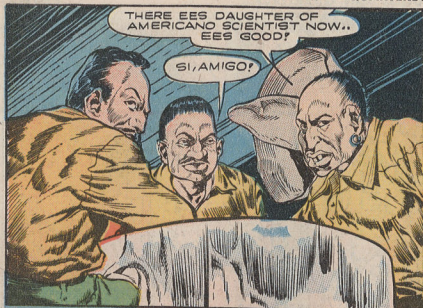
BY WILLIAM ERWIN MAXWELL



THE BEAUTIFUL, PLACID SCENERY OF MEXICO BECOMES A BACKGROUND FOR FASCIST INTRIGUE AGAINST THE UNITED NATIONS, UNTIL THAT DIMINUTIVE PACKAGE OF DYNAMITE, THE DOLL MAN, STEPS INTO THE PICTURE.

EN ROUTE TO AN AMERICAN ALLIED SCIENTIFIC CONVENTION, DR. ROBERTS AND MARTHA FLY OVER THE RIO GRANDE.





Meanwhile, DARREL ARRIVES AT THE HOTEL...



HELLO, DR ROBERTS! IS MARTHA AROUND?

GLAD YOU COULD GET DOWN, SON! MARTHA'S JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A MINUTE...

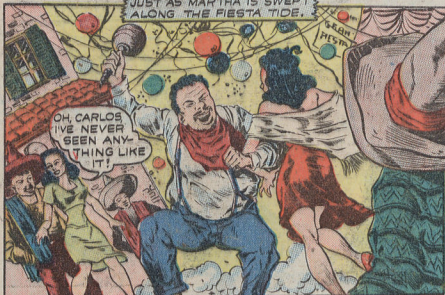
SENORITA GO WEETH NO GOOD FASCISTS. I SEE!



FASCISTS, EH? THAT SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE.. GUESS I'LL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING?



JUST AS MARTHA IS SWEEP ALONG THE FIESTA TIDE.



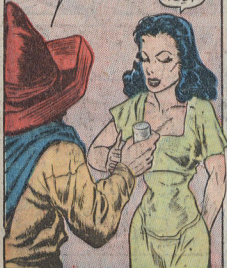
OH, CARLOS I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY-THING LIKE IT!

HA! SHE EES NOT LOOKING.. I WEEEL BUY ZIS DRINK, AND..



FOR ZE LOVELY SENORITA, A FIESTA DRINK?

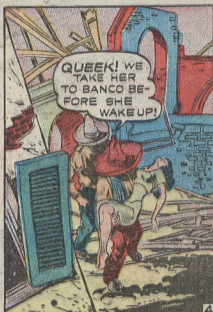
THANK YOU!



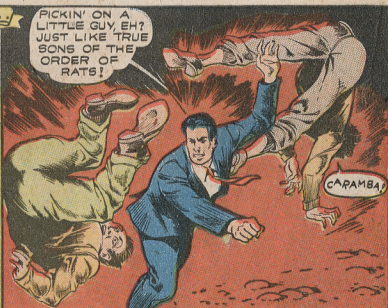
I FEEL STRANGE.. THAT DRINK... OH... OH...



QUEEK! WE TAKE HER TO BANCO BEFORE SHE WAKE UP!



AS DARREL SEARCHES FOR HIS FIANCEE.



SENOR, YOU ARE MOS' KIND. . . THEESE DIRTY GOLD SHIRTS TRY TO FORCE ME PAY MONEY. I WEEEL NOT DO. . . SO. . .



WHERE DO THESE GUYS HANG OUT, MISTER?

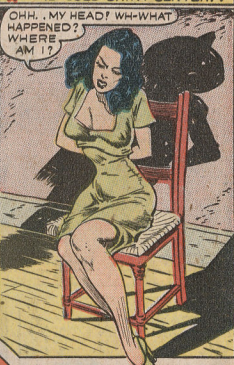


HAVE HEAD-QUARTERS IN BIG VILLA. . . NOT FAR. . . I SHOW. . .

YOU HAVE NOZZING TO FEAR, SENORITA, EEF YOUR FATHER WEEEL BRING HIS INVENTION FOR ZE ALLIES HERE!

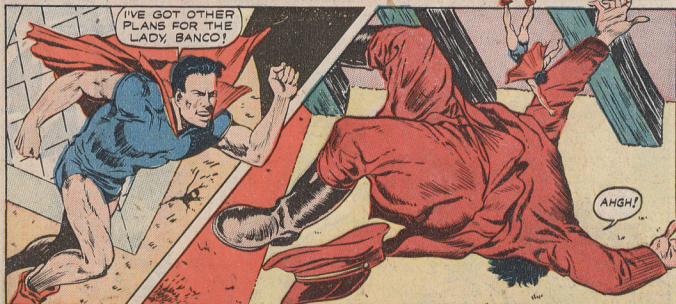
NO! YOU'LL NEVER GET IT!

AT THE GOLD SHIRT CENTER. .

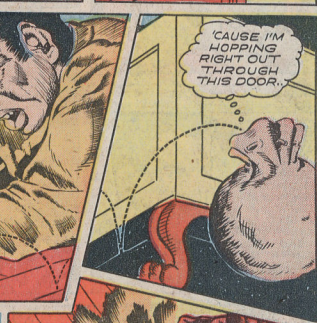
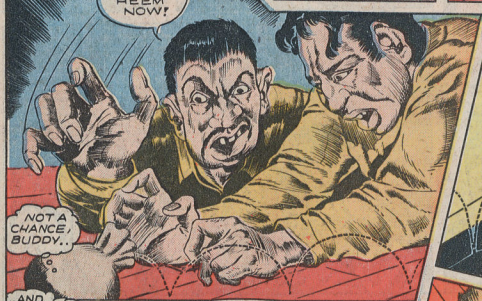
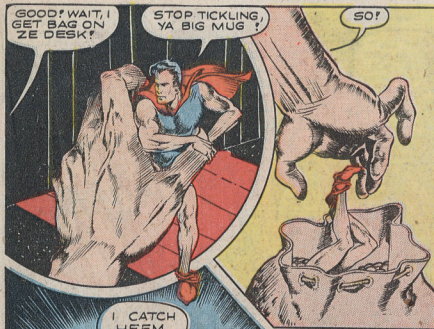


PERHAPS YOU WEEEL BE. . . ER. . . MORE REASONABLE AFTER SOME LEEETLE PAIN, NO?



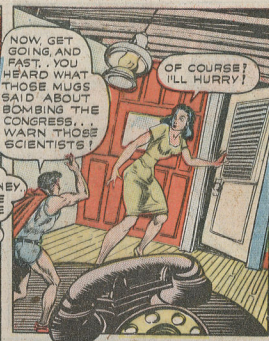








BREATHE EASY, HONEY. I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE.



NOW, GET GOING, AND FAST. YOU HEARD WHAT THOSE MUGS SAID ABOUT BOMBING THE CONGRESS... WARN THOSE SCIENTISTS!

OF COURSE! I'LL HURRY!



I HOPE I CAN REACH THE CONVENTION HALL IN TIME!

MEANWHILE, THE DOLL MAN AGAIN BECOMES DARREL DANE, AND...



HELLO... POLICE DEPARTMENT? I'VE GOT A FEW SURPRISE PACKAGES WAITING FOR YOU AT GOLD SHIRT HEAD-QUARTERS.



O.K., YOU RATS, ON YOUR FEET!

OHH..

AIEE..

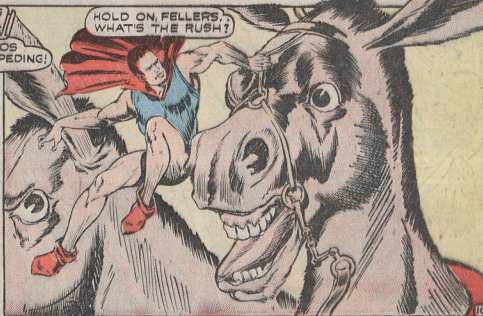
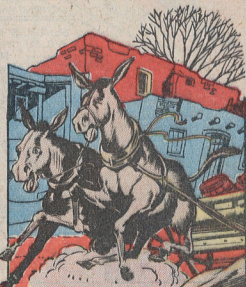
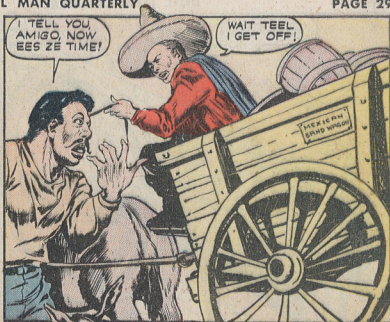


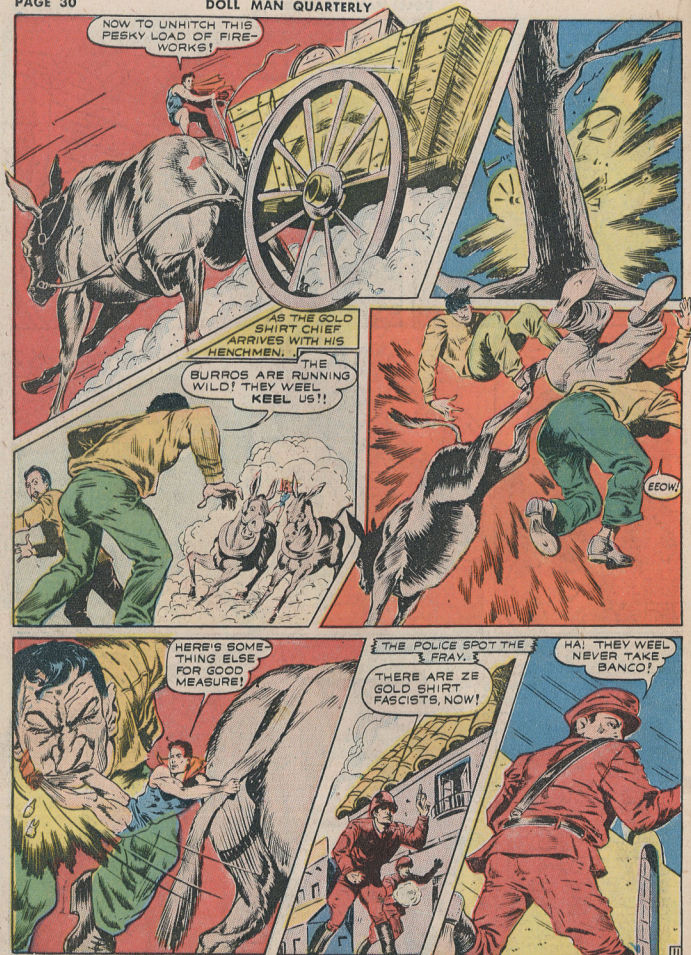
HAI AMERICANO FOOL! WHILE YOU KEEP US HERE, BURROS WEE STAMPED DYNAMITE WAGON INTO CONGRESS BUILDING!

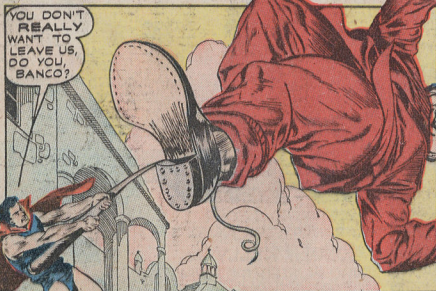
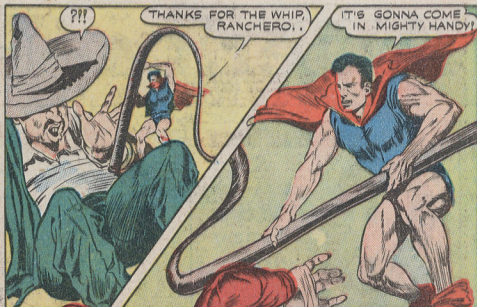
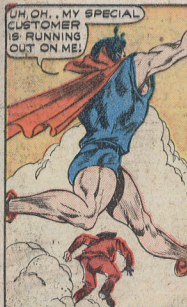


I HATE TO LET THOSE DOGS GO, BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT EXPLOSION!

GOOD! NOW WE ARE FREE!







AT THE SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS, DR. ROBERTS TAKES THE STAND.



America - It's Worth Defending! *by* Feg Murray

•KNOW YOUR PRESIDENTS•



WILLIAM
HENRY
HARRISON,

THE ONLY PRESIDENT WHOSE GRAND-
SON ALSO BECAME PRESIDENT,
HELD OFFICE FOR JUST ONE MONTH!
(HE DIED OF PNEUMONIA, APRIL 4, 1841.)



**DURING THE LAST CENTURY, ALL
U.S. PRESIDENTS
ELECTED
EVERY 20 YEARS
HAVE DIED
IN OFFICE!**

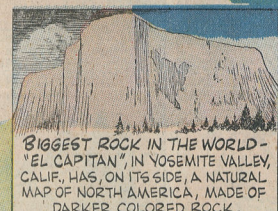
WM. HENRY HARRISON
(ELECTED 1840)
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
(ELECTED 1860)
JAMES GARFIELD
(ELECTED 1880)
WILLIAM MCKINLEY
(ELECTED 1900)
WARREN HARDING
(ELECTED 1920)

(THE
ASSASSINATION
OF
ABRAHAM
LINCOLN,
APRIL 14,
1865.)

"WILL FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,
WHO WAS ELECTED IN 1940, BE
ABLE TO BEAT THIS JINX?"



FIRST HERO OF OUR
WAR WITH THE AXIS -
COLIN P. KELLY JR.,
WHO PILOTTED THE FLYING
FORTRESS THAT SANK THE
JAP BATTLESHIP HARUNA,
THEN FLEW HIS DAMAGED SHIP
BACK NEAR ITS BASE, ORDERED
HIS CREW TO BAIL OUT, AND CRASHED
TO HIS DEATH WITH HIS PLANE.



**"BIGGEST ROCK IN THE WORLD -
'EL CAPITAN' IN YOSEMITE VALLEY,
CALIF., HAS, ON ITS SIDE, A NATURAL
MAP OF NORTH AMERICA, MADE OF
DARKER COLORED ROCK.**

TANKS, PRE - HISTORIC AND MODERN!



"TRICERATOPS"

THIS DINOSAUR,
WHO ROAMED OVER
AMERICA 30 MILLION
YEARS AGO, WAS
NO MORE DEADLY
THAN THE TANKS
PRODUCED IN THE
SAME COUNTRY TODAY.

("TRICERATOPS" WAS SKETCHED FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.)

THE U.S. ARMY'S M3 TANK

A 28-TON "FORT ON WHEELS" THAT CAN GO 40 MILES PER HOUR.

IT HAS SPACE FOR 7 MEN AND ITS ARMAMENT INCLUDES FOUR
30-CALIBER MACHINE GUNS AND TWO CANNON — ONE A "75"!

(THE 45,000 TANKS THAT PRES. ROOSEVELT HAS ORDERED U.S. FACTORIES TO PRODUCE IN 1942
WOULD REACH, IF PLACED IN A SINGLE COLUMN ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST, FROM LOS ANGELES TO SEATTLE!)

THE

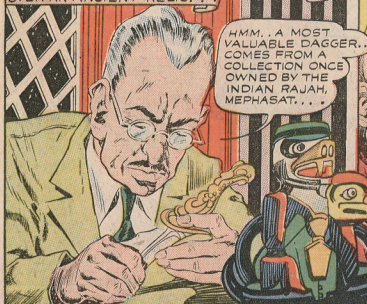
DOLL MAN

BY
William
Erwin
Maxwell



FROM THE ANCIENT REALM OF INDIA, TRAVELS A RUTHLESS TRIO... GUIDED BY AN INSATIABLE LUST FOR WEALTH, ALONG A TRAIL OF HUMAN BLOOD, BUT THE STENCH OF HORROR BETRAYS THEM TO THE TINY DYNAMO, THE DOLL MAN.

IN HIS OFFICE, A MUSEUM CURATOR PONDER'S
OVER AN ANCIENT RELIC. . .

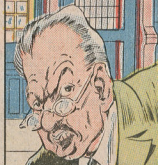


HMM.. A MOST
VALUABLE DAGGER..
COMES FROM A
COLLECTION ONCE
OWNED BY THE
INDIAN RAJAH,
MEPHASAT. . .

SUDDENLY. . .

GOOD! HE IS
ALONE. . . ALSO
HAS DAGGER. . .

WELL, WHAT DO YOU
WANT? OH, YOU'RE
THAT NEW EXTER-
MINATOR I HIRED..
GET ON WITH YOUR
WORK, MAN.. I'M
BUSY!



NOW, NO MORE
BUSY!



AS DR. ROBERTS, MARTHA
AND DARREL EXAMINE
SCIENTIFIC RECORDS
IN A ROOM NEARBY, AND..

GUN SHOTS?
FROM THE
CURATOR'S
OFFICE?

HURRY
DAD!



HE'S BEEN
MURDERED!

CAN'T SEE WHY
ANYONE WOULD
WANT TO KILL
HIM!



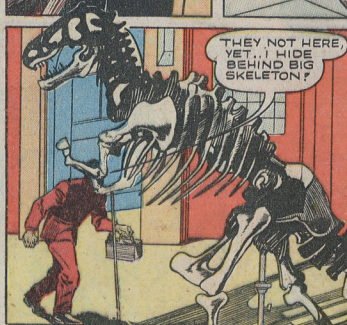
THERE'S YOUR
MOTIVE, DARREL, THE
EMPTY CASE OF
THE MEPHASAT
DAGGER!

OH, HOW HORRIBLE!
I'D BETTER CALL
THE POLICE!



AH!.. THE ELEVATOR
DOOR OUT IN THE
HALL JUST CLICKED.
ENTER.. THE
DOLL MAN!









AH...TWO AMERICANS! YOU HEAR ALL, YES?

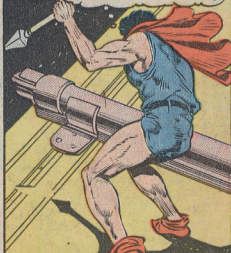
JUST AS THE DOLL MAN RETURNS AS DARREL DANE....

NO MATTER.. DAGGER SOON SEAL LIPS!

OH! YOU COULDN'T!

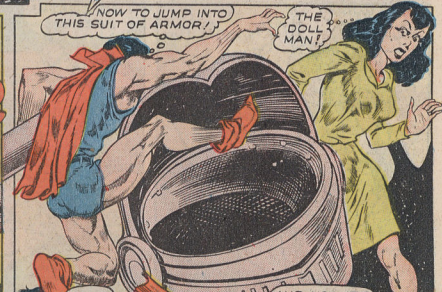
WOW! LOOKS LIKE MARTHA AND DOC COULD USE THE DOLL MAN!

THIS POISON DART BLOW GUN IS JUST THE THING!



NOW TO JUMP INTO THIS SUIT OF ARMOR!

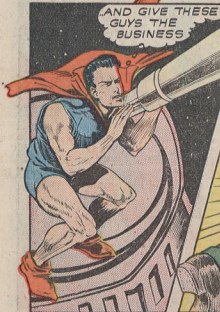
THE DOLL MAN!

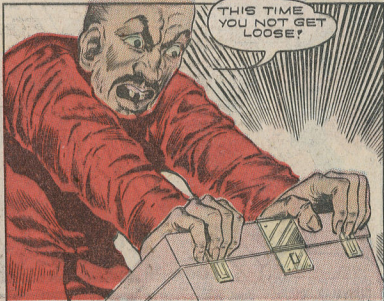
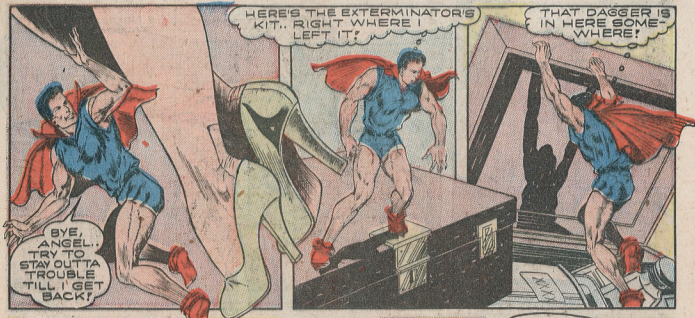


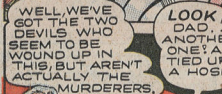
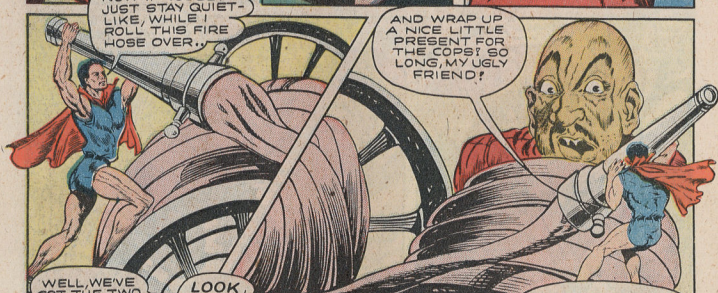
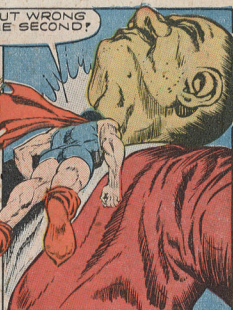
AIEE?

AND NOW IT'S YOUR TURN! HAVE A FOOT IN THE EYE!

AND GIVE THESE GUYS THE BUSINESS



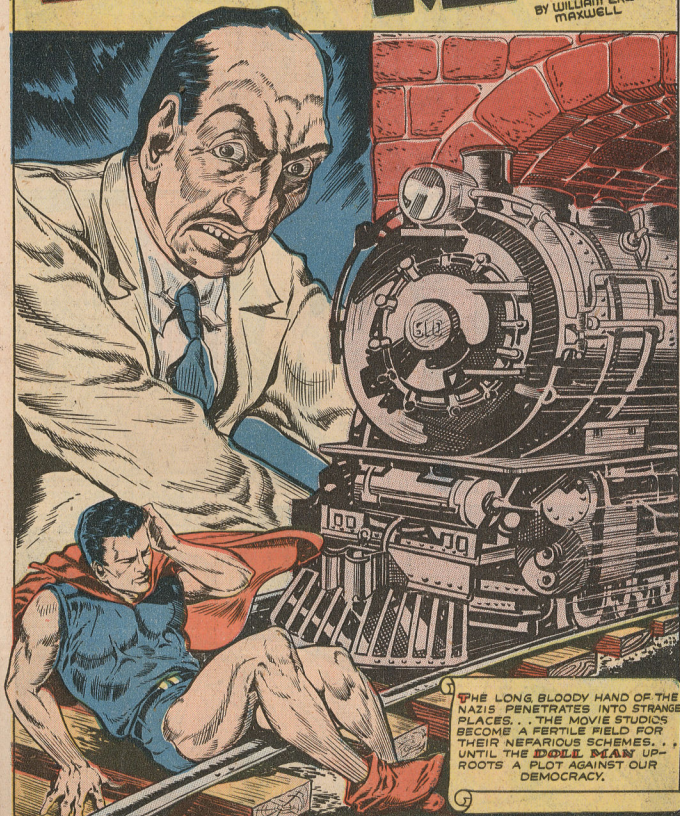




THE MURDERER!



The DOLL MAN

BY WILLIAM ERWIN
MAXWELL

THE LONG BLOODY HAND OF THE NAZIS PENETRATES INTO STRANGE PLACES... THE MOVIE STUDIOS BECOME A FERTILE FIELD FOR THEIR NEPARIUS SCHEMES... UNTIL THE **DOLL MAN** UP-ROOTS A PLOT AGAINST OUR DEMOCRACY.

EN ROUTE TO A NAVAL BASE, MARTHA AND DR. ROBERTS ARRIVE IN HOLLYWOOD..



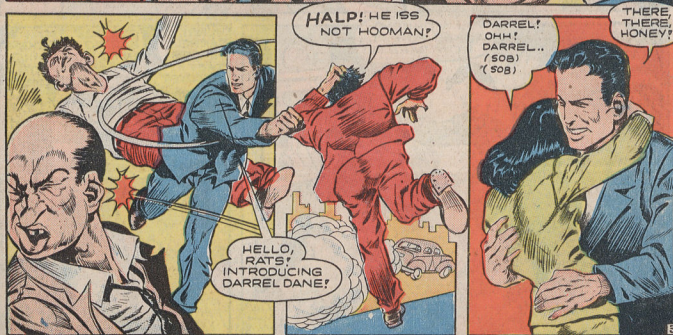
HELLO..HELLO!
WHAT'S THAT?
AN IMPORTANT
OFFICIAL IN
THE LOBBY
TO SEE ME?
I'LL BE RIGHT
DOWN!

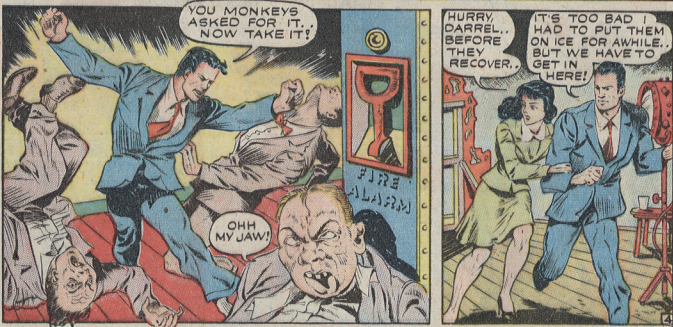
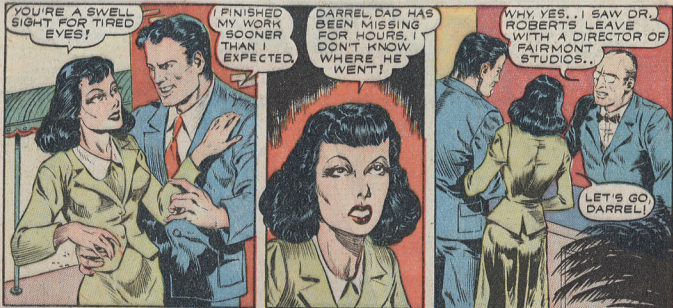


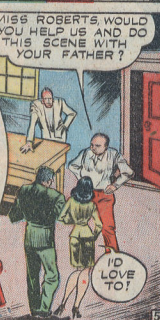
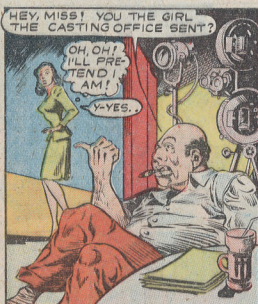
EXCUSE ME, YOU HERR...I MEAN DR. ROBERTS' DAUGHTER? HE TELL ME TO TAKE YOU TO A MEETING HE ATTEND. YOU COME, YES?

WHY..?
YES..

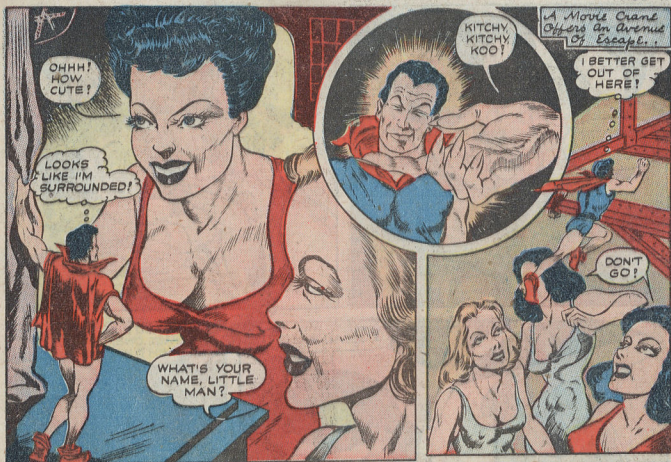




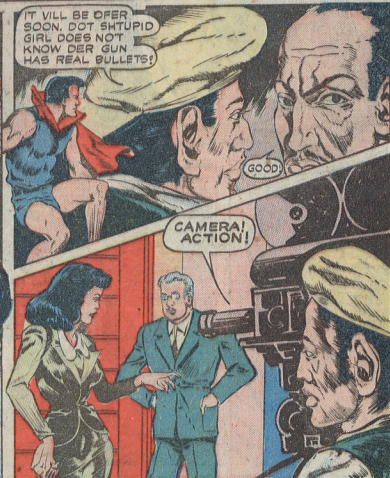
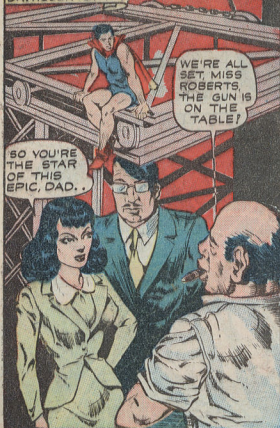


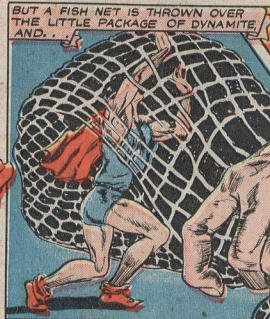
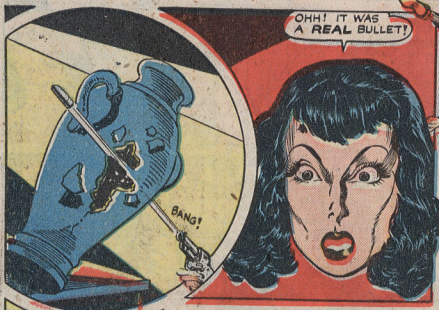


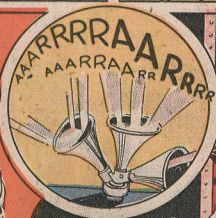
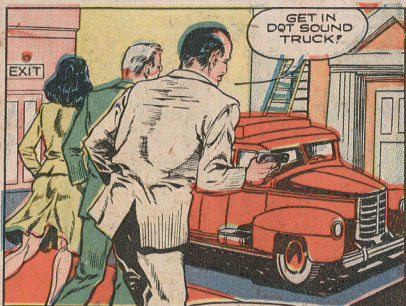


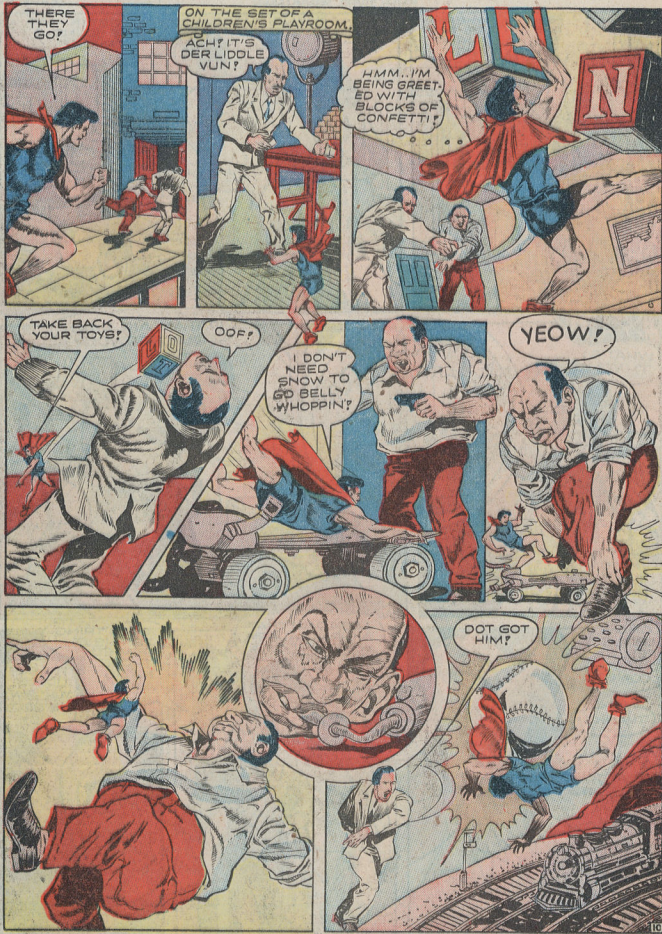


AND THE DOLL MAN FINDS HIMSELF ON THE SAME SET WITH MARTHA AND DR. ROBERTS. . .



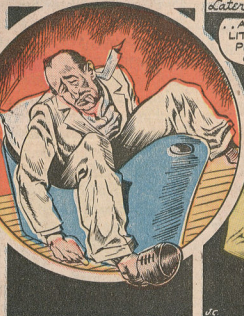
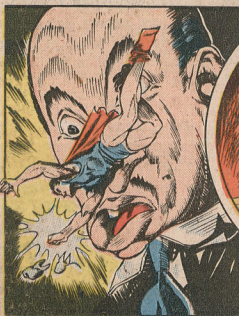
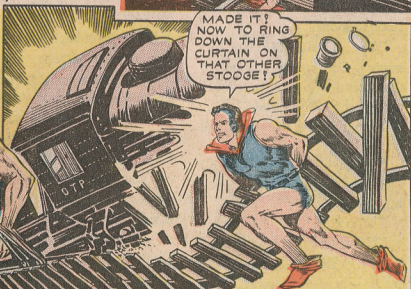
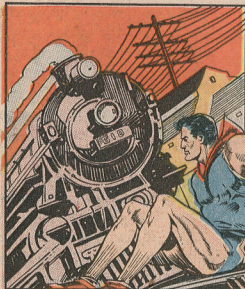
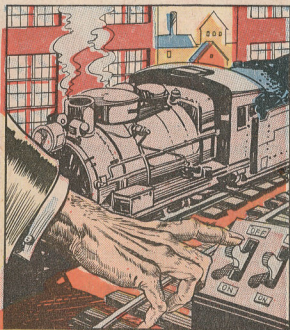
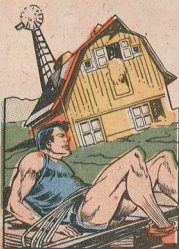








THE LITTLE DYNAMO IS QUICKLY TIED TO THE TOY TRAIN TRACKS, AND...



Later...

.. AND THEN THE LITTLE FELLA PUSHED THE GUN ASIDE, AND...

I HEAR HE CAPTURED ALL THE SPIES, TOO.



THE IRON BOOT

Dr. Roberts quickly glanced over his test tubes—his eyes bright and shining. Taking one to the window he held it up to the light. The amber fluid glittered in the sunlight.

"At last," he muttered. "At last!"

A knock at the door broke in on his thoughts.

"Come in—Hello, Martha! Back so soon?"

"Yes, Dad." Martha answered. She quickly moved to the window, and furtively pushed the curtain aside.

"What in the world are you doing up to?"

"A man—he followed me all the way from Aunt Hattie's house."

"Who is he?"

"Never saw him before, but I don't like his looks. See—there he is—across the street. He's watching the house!"

Martha whirled and walked to the phone. She quickly dialed a number and impatiently tapped her foot. At last she heard Darrel Dane's booming voice at the other end of the wire.

"Darrel, get over here right away. Something—"

"Hello, hello!" he shouted, jiggling the hook.

And then Darrel heard only a muffled scream, and a short click. The buzz on the wire told him he had been cut off.

"Something's happened!" he

thought as he dashed out of the house.

Strange hands were handling Dr. Roberts' test tubes. Large, clumsy, cruel hands.

"Vell, Herr Doktor. You tell us secret of sleeping gas, und ve let you und your daughter go, yes?"

"You can't get away with this. I'll never give you the formula. NEVER."

"But ve understand your gas is a great achievement in the scientific sense—it cannot be smelled and has no ill effects. It can put whole armies to sleep almost instantly—and the Fatherland *must* haf it!"

"That gas will remain the exclusive property of the United States."

"Ach, you'll talk soon enough, Doktor. Hans, take dem out to der car. Ve haf ways of making people talk. I vill look around for the formula."

The scientist and Martha were pushed toward the door. A door which suddenly burst into a thousand pieces as Darrel came crashing into the room. His huge fists began to flail out right and left. The sudden, ferocious attack took the Nazis by surprise. Before they could gather their wits together, two of them lay crumpled in a corner. Von Bock gingerly retreated behind a large laboratory table.

"He iss not hooman!" he muttered fearfully to himself.

Quickly drawing his gun, he took careful aim at the large whirling figure of Darrel Dane. His finger tightened on the trigger, and there was a loud report which echoed throughout the entire room. Darrel felt a hot searing pain on the side of his head, and then—blackness.

Grimacing triumphantly, Von Bock emerged from his place of refuge. Martha uttered a muffled scream and attempted to go to the crumpled figure, but was roughly pushed back. She sank into a chair and long sobs racked her body. Dr. Roberts just stared at the fallen figure. He seemed to be in a trance.

Then, with cold calculating fury, Von Bock systematically began to destroy the laboratory. In a few minutes, the place was a shambles. Martha and Dr. Roberts were pushed toward the door, and seconds later no one but the quiet figure of Darrel Dane remained in the laboratory.

For possibly ten minutes, nothing stirred in the laboratory. Then the eyelids of Darrel began to flutter. In another minute, he sat up and ruefully rubbing the side of his head, emitted a long groan. The bullet had only creased his forehead. His brain suddenly cleared and his thoughts came rushing back on him. He staggered to his feet and

glanced about the wrecked laboratory.

"They're gone!" he ejaculated.

For a second, Darrel stared at the ruins about him. Then it dawned on him that the Nazis had taken Martha and Dr. Roberts prisoners in order to obtain the secret of the new gas. How could he find the location of their hideout? The question began to beat at his brains. Then he saw a small object on the floor which caught his eye. It was a case for eyeglasses. Darrel picked it up and opened the case. Pasted inside was a small strip of paper with a name and address on it. Darrel bolted out of the door and headed for that part of the city indicated by the address.

Martha and her father sat helplessly in a chair. The tight ropes were beginning to chafe their wrists. Von Bock began to pace up and down before them. His cruel eyes would dart in their direction, and he would momentarily stop to stare. Then he would resume his pacing.

"Is this the war of nerves you Nazis are supposed to excel at?" Dr. Roberts asked. "It won't do you any good this time."

For a few seconds, Von Bock didn't make a reply, then he impatiently summoned one of his underlings.

"Bring in the little persuader we haf."

In a few minutes the Nazi returned with an iron boot. Dr. Roberts paled as his shoe was

pulled off, and the hideous instrument of torture fastened to his foot. Then suddenly, the window shade began to perform peculiar gyrations. Hanging on to the cord swinging back and forth as if on a trapeze was THE DOLL MAN.

The Nazi tightening the iron shoe stopped very suddenly—and just gaped. His mouth fell open as if he had lost all control of his jaw muscles. Von Bock stood rooted to the spot staring at the little figure as if he were dreaming. His cold eyes lost their confident glint, and for a moment he seemed uncertain as to what to do. Then with a violent oath, Von Bock pulled his gun, and tried to steady his shaky hand. But the Doll Man used the swinging cord for momentum and flung himself at the Nazis. The gun went off with a loud report, but the diminutive figure was elsewhere. His tiny fists were pounding into the faces of the German agents.

Amidst the shrieks and howls of the Nazis, one of them managed to stagger toward a lamp, and reached for the chain. The room was instantly plunged into darkness. Dr. Roberts then dimly

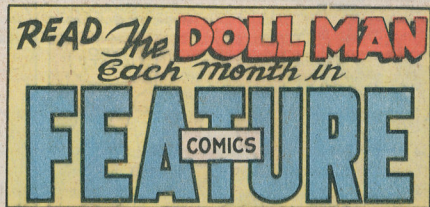
recalled a series of gun shots which stabbed the blackness. The thud of fists pounding on flesh could be heard clearly. At first the scientist thought the Doll Man had been killed. But suddenly, the anguished moans of the Nazis filled the room.

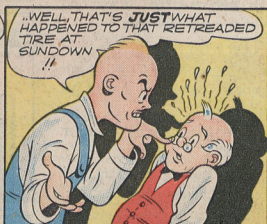
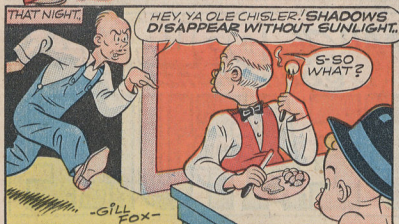
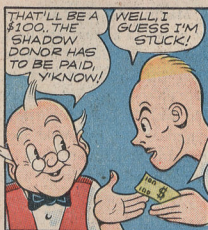
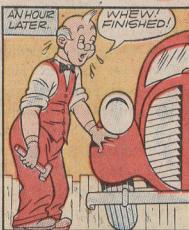
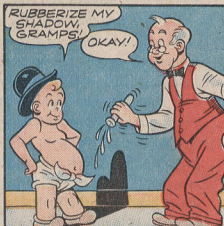
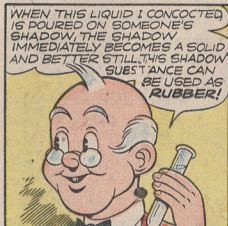
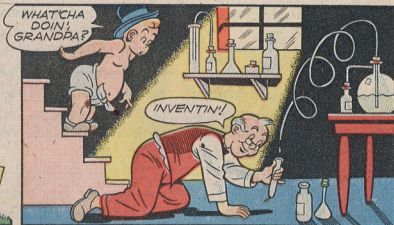
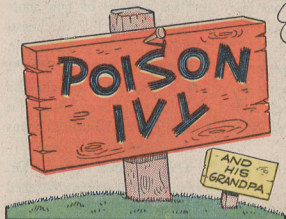
Then the iron boot on Dr. Roberts' foot was being loosened and the bonds holding him to the chair were being untied. Finally he felt the Doll Man sitting on his shoulder whispering that he was going to call the police.

When the scientist limped to the lamp and flooded the room with light, he saw his three attackers slumped over each other on the floor. Their faces looked as if it had been caught in a meat chopper. As he stooped to untie Martha, he heard a pounding on the door and the police broke in led by Darrel Dane.

In a few minutes, the Nazis were on their way to jail, and Martha was gratefully hugging Darrel, babbling about the Doll Man who had again intervened to save their lives.

"He must be quite a guy," said Darrel, trying to suppress a grin.



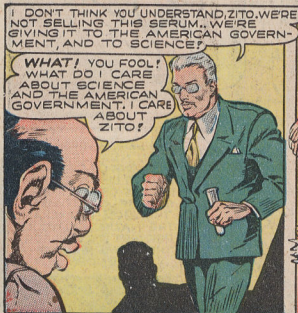
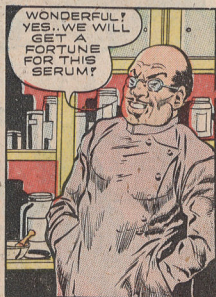
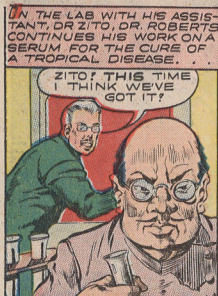
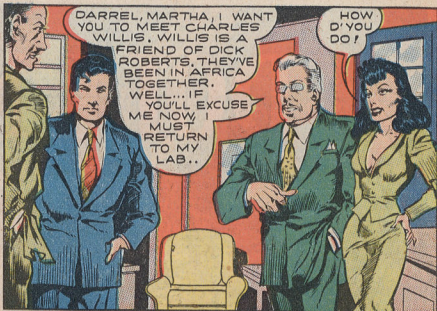


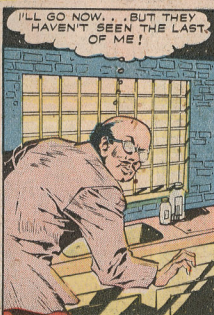
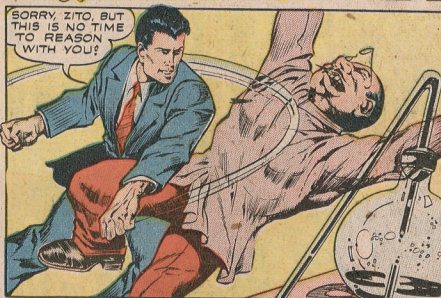


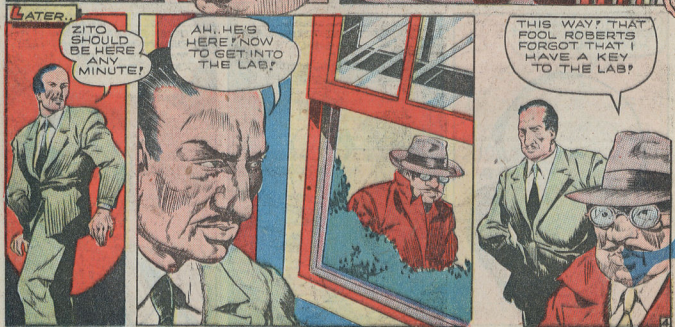
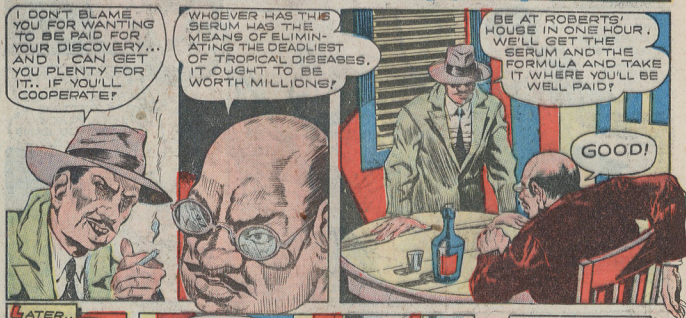
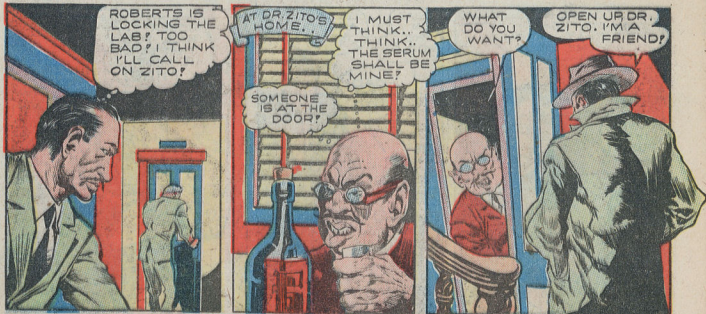
The DOLL MAN

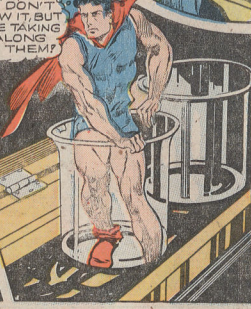
by
William Erwin
maxwell

A SERUM WHICH WOULD MEAN NEW LIFE TO MILLIONS OF DISEASED BODIES BECOMES THE OBJECT OF A BITTER STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE *Doll Man* AND THE NAZIS, WHO WOULD PERVERT ITS USE FOR THEIR OWN FIENDISH ENDS.



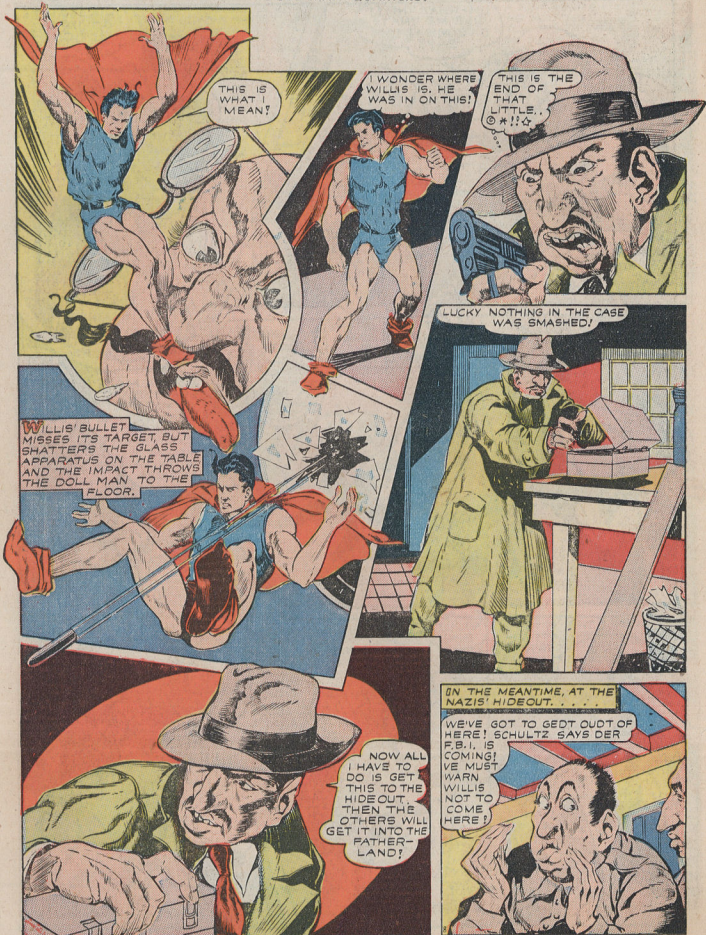


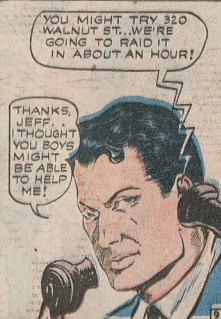
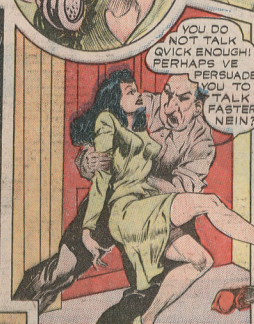












AT THE NAZI
HIDEOUT...

OUT OF
MY WAY!

ON SECOND
THOUGHT, IT
MIGHT BE
EASIER FOR
THE DOLL
MAN TO
GET IN
THERE!

I'LL GET INTO
THIS BIRD'S
TROUSER CUFF
AND LET HIM
CARRY ME
IN!

FOUR MEN HITT ME
UND VEN I GOOT
OPP DEY VASS
GONE!

WELL,
THEY
DIDN'T GET
IN HERE!
BUT WE'RE
ALMOST
READY TO
LEAVE ANY-
WAY. THE
F.B.I. OUGHT
TO GET
HERE
SOON.

WELL, NOW YOU
KNOW, MISS ROBERTS.
THIS CONTAINS YOUR
FATHER'S SERUM WHICH
WILL SOON BELONG
TO GERMANY.

AND
TO THINK
DAD
TRUSTED
YOU!

THAT'S
WHAT HE
THINKS!

GREETINGS, RATZIS!
HAVE ONE ON
ME!

SUDDENLY, THE F.B.I. AND
POLICE BARGE IN.

ALL
RIGHT,
UP WITH
'EM?

I'LL
HAVE
YOU
FREE
IN A
MINUTE!

I'LL
SCRAM,
BEFORE
I HAVE
TO START
EXPLAINING

LATER.

OH, DARREL, THAT
WONDERFUL
DOLL MAN AGAIN!
IF IT WEREN'T
FOR HIM, I MIGHT
HAVE BEEN KILLED..
AND HE SAVED
DAD'S SERUM!

THAT
LITTLE
FELLOW
SURE GETS
AROUND,
DOESN'T
HE?

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Quarterly



UNCLE SAM
Quarterly

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your Regular Newsdealer

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

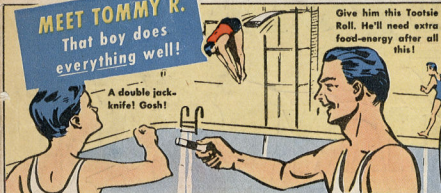
MEET THE POPULARITY CONTEST WINNERS
(See what made them win!)

MEET EDDIE L. He's full of ideas



EDDIE'S THE BOY who starts things! And people love him for it. Now he's got his friends making gifts for British children. Eddie eats plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're fuel for brains as well as muscles!

MEET TOMMY R. That boy does everything well!



EVERYBODY ADMIRES Tommy because he's a champion. In diving, skating, baseball! He practices plenty . . . he has plenty of pep! No day goes by without a Tootsie Roll.



UNCLE SAM SAYS: "Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and full of energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose—give you quick food-energy.

BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!

MEET VIRGINIA D. She's a true patriot



IS VIRGINIA POPULAR? You bet! She sold more Defense Stamps than anybody else in her school. Everyone loves a patriot. (And this patriot sure loves Tootsie Rolls!)



TOOTSIE WINS, TOO!

The winnah in any popularity contest! More children and grown-ups love Tootsies than any other candy!

1¢ AND 5¢



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EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY—Enriched with DEXTROSE for quick food-energy